431 penny a day (even when Shafi was profiteering!), and as you can't well tip anyone, even the humblest, less than about sixpence (and if there are several big man's retainers it may run into many shillings), the getting of gifts is very costly! We were glad when the flow of gifts presently dried up a bit. There was always great rejoicing in our back quarters when *maltash* was presented, for as we could not possibly use it ourselves (not even for cooking) it was solemnly passed on (as soon as the donor was out of sight) to the servants to divide. I called them all up and handed it over publicly to ensure that all should get a fair share. They never seemed to quarrel about the division, but effected it on some well-understood principle of their own, so perhaps my precaution was unnecessary; but it's unfair to lead such generous-hearted people into temptation, and *maltash* is dearer to their hearts than much fine gold.

• 296 The only other major problem was the washing. I had quite expected that we might have to get the things washed in the house, and do with rough-dried sheets and towels, occasionally sending shirts and collars down to Gilgit. I do wish men could wear silk undies that only need a rinse. But we heard that there was in Báltít a "merchant" who had at one time been washerman to some British officer, so we made enquiries and asked him to come and see me. He didn't seem at all keen; he wasn't really a *dhobi*, he said, and he hadn't a "proper iron," and he could not starch or "get up" evening shirts. (I could not myself imagine David wilfully wearing "boiled shirts" in camp.) But we turned Qudrat Ullah on to have a talk with him as knowing all the local conditions and people, and so friend Baráto of Báltít agreed to take a small "wash" and see what he could do with it. To my delight he brought everything back clean and beautifully pressed with whatever "improper" iron he had. We had another chat, and if that was all I wanted done he was more than willing to do all our washing for 15s. a month—less than half my laundry bill at home, where we only send the larger things out! In theory he was going to earn his money. He was to carry the wash to the springs at Murtazábád, by the big river. You will remember it is a good five or six miles away, across the Hasanábád gorge and

296 down some 1,500 feet on the other side. He was to provide his own native Indian soap and heat his own iron somehow. In fact, however, I saw him unashamedly spreading out the things to dry on the grass behind the bungalow, having coaxed hot water out of Zaidu. And as Indian soap is made with ghee or some odious, smelly fat which we had no mind to breathe in off our sheets and pillows at night, I agreed to give him one cake of Sunlight soap per week (one of the few supplies I had prudently brought with me). Presently I found that he would much prefer to iron in the kitchen, "it would be so much better for the clothes than being carried to and fro to Báltít," and that he would take it kindly if I would supply the charcoal for his iron. You will deduce that Baráto, like Shafi, had learnt a thing or two in India besides his *dhobing*. However, from my point of view the bargain was a good one, and I was glad it should be a good one from his side too. I don't doubt that my "merchant" saved one bar of soap in four, or perhaps one in two, to stock his "shop" in Báltít; but our clothes were nicely washed and he had no competitor within sixty-four miles and deserved to profit by his own enterprise.

He was an entertaining fellow, the *dhobi*, with a humorous kink in his face, and a quaint, half-defiant, half-amusing way of talking that made his calls rather pleasant episodes. His air implied: "Of course you can't afford to lose me; there's no one else in Hunza you could get instead. On the other hand, of course, 15s. a month for your little scrap of work is money for jam, and I like coming over for a chat with your people, so it suits us to be friends."

565 576 There is something very winning about the complete lack of servility in Hunza. The people are hospitable, courteous, and polite, and too self-respecting to omit the deference due to "The Great," but they own their soil and live their own lives and can look the whole world in the face. They serve you faithfully and ungrudgingly and more than earn what you pay, but they are servants of none. For which reason I wish we had some other word for these lovable peasants who worked for us.

000 Two other points remained: heat and light. The Hunza

2: Lorimer T-3 (1920-4; 1934-5) 1939 AV7 Burusho AV7

342 it, exactly over the main store-room below. There is no parapet, only a tiny raised rim to direct the rain into a small gutter-hole, on the rare occasions when there is rain; but it has a fringe of cut thorn bushes arranged round the edge to prevent an enterprising goat jumping across from the next-
351 door roof not many feet away. I didn't, however, go up on to
• 296 the roof, but on into a larger courtyard where there was a pool in the corner at which their washing is done. They would not dream of polluting the running water by washing themselves or their clothes in it as it flows by; they draw off what they want for these purposes into a separate pond of their own.
351 Then under a large shady tree there was a raised stone plat-
513 form which acts as a "sofa" by day and as a double or treble or quadruple bed by night—for, except in the depth of winter, nobody sleeps indoors. There was another raised platform, with a wall at the back and open in front and sides, roofed in for another sleeping place. It had a railing along under the roof, and over this were hung all sorts of padded quilts, homespun
[136] blankets, sheepskins, etc.—the family bedding. All the bedding is taken out and hung up every day, which helps to account for the complete lack of vermin—which I confess came to us as a happy surprise. In all our year in Hunza we saw only *one* flea, and that, as David said, was emphatically our own!

245 Round the corner from these sleeping places I got into a
312 walled-in shady garden full of fruit trees—apples, mulberries, peaches, apricots, and vines. It is incredible how luxurious mere *shade* is at such a temperature. It wasn't remotely like a garden in our sense. The earth was bare without one blade of grass or green, and was all cut up into little beds round each precious tree, with banks between them, so that the water could be directed to each tree as desired, when it was No. 1's
514 turn to have water at all. In the far corner of the garden was
343 a neat little circular "open-air pulpit." We had seen these pulpits dotted about, but—stupidly—did not at once guess what they were for. Coming straight from Kashmir, where the approach to each homestead is ankle deep in filth, or remembering Arab habits in Iráq, we never expected that we should find in Hunza a people as scrupulously decent as ourselves in

all appeared to us to suggest Persian inspiration. I heard one lady say with regret for a golden past: "What is the world coming to? Why nowadays the very peasant girls embroider silken caps for themselves!"

True enough; now that a little money filters into almost every home the women can get hold of coloured silk from India or Kashgar, and it was a common sight to see girls and women open a tiny home-made bag that hung on their tunic, and take out a strip or circle of calico, a needle, and a bunch of silk, and continue work on a dainty cap. The threads of the cloth were carefully counted and the design traced out in black thread. The silks they used were unspun, clinging masses that I found impossible to handle, and how they manipulated them so skilfully with fingers roughened, you would have thought, by field work, I could not divine. For about 1s. 6d. they can buy enough silk to cover one cap with minute embroidery, and they blend their colours, red, blue, green, orange, purple, yellow, and black, with unerring taste. We laid in a store of their favourite shades so that on occasion we could make an acceptable gift to a bride preparing her trousseau.

After a first experience of trifling gifts of balls and combs we had decided that it would be a crime to spoil the simple, spontaneous kindness of the children or their parents by indiscriminate giving. So we restrained a longing to distribute even sweets and pins, and only made an occasional present on very special occasions or for very definite services rendered. On the other hand, we made a note of such things as would be useful and acceptable, and gathered a hoard of them for our ultimate visits of farewell.

Amongst the women's crafts I have already mentioned the neat little "ashtrays" they conjure from the residual mush of apricot kernels after they have extracted the oil. Washing is amongst them a simple matter. Having no fat, they can make no soap, but there is a plant, called *himan*, which they grow amongst their vegetables, the seeds of which when pounded yield a delightful soapy lather. This is used for special washings only. Every-day cotton clothes are simply rinsed in cold water, flung on a flat stone and beaten with a wooden mallet. When

2: Lorimer T-3 (1920-4; 1934-5) 1939 AV7 Burusho AV7

a *choga* is being washed, a man's greater strength is called into play—nine yards of wet homespun is no joke. He dips it likewise into cold water, lays it on a stone, and tramples it with his full weight. There is, of course, no fuel to spare for washing clothes or persons in hot water.

From our very first days in Hunza the mills had been a source of interest, and we constantly passed them and peeped in as we traced out all the water-channels on our walks. When the water was in flow (no stream, not even the Dála, was continuously in action in any one stretch) the mills were the centre of social gatherings. The miller and his family would be inside superintending operations, while the women with their babies and their work quietly awaited their turn. They had brought small sacks or bags of grain to be ground and would squat in and round the doorway happily gossiping. Occasionally a man would come along, bent double under a huge sack of 80 lb. or so.

We struck a particularly interesting group one day, where the water was plunging steeply down the hillside and turning three mills in succession, one below the other. David was photographing the busy crowd at the door, and I climbed up a little to join two old women busily spinning among the rocks above. "Father won't want to take pictures of us," they said, in a matter-of-fact tone quite free from bitterness, "we are old and wrinkled." As well as my halting speech permitted, I assured them that older people were our best friends, that we liked faces wrinkled like our own, and that if they would allow it, "Father" would much like their photographs. So I scrambled down the hill again to explain to DL where his next duty lay. He came and engaged the old dames in chat, but it was no easy matter to get a photograph for they were shy and self-conscious beyond the ordinary. The picture turned out at least recognizable, but when it came to delivering their copies we found that their houses were "quite near" of course, but down 500 or 600 feet of highly precipitous gorge, rather more of a rock-climbing feat than we were prepared to tackle in the course of an afternoon's walk. Enquiry revealed, however, that old Pfírúz's son was married to Ustád Nadíro's daughter, so

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licence to marry at irregular dates). Meantime no one seemed unduly cast down, and Apicho continued to grow her hair so as to be ready. Sometimes it stuck out all round her head in about a hundred tiny plaits, on other days she had a wonderful, if somewhat shaggy, mane of frizzy hair about 5 inches long. She was a dear.

The small boys and girls have the centre of their heads close shaven (a cleanly and sensible arrangement) with just a neat fringe left all round to show below their caps; married women wear, hanging down beside their faces, two plaits which are knotted up into two balls to be well out of the way. It is a most becoming style of hair-dressing. The plaits softly frame the face and the two balls dance merrily about. When a girl reaches thirteen or fourteen and marriage beings to loom ahead, she starts growing her hair in some variety of bob as a practical preparation for the state of matrimony.

We went off to one of the deep open reservoirs hoping in the good light to get a photograph of the cattle being watered at the usual time. But, alas! the nice bright day must have modified their time-table, for not the ghost of a beast turned up. On the way we saw a pretty young woman whom we knew, doing some washing. She was squatting in the sun on a stone sofa beside a pool which was still covered with thick ice and dipping the clothes in through a hole she had broken for the purpose. She then laid the wet garment on the stone and whacked it with a thick wooden beater. Further on, Najat of No. 1 was washing some tattered pieces of felt, probably to pluck down for shoddy. She had flung them into shallow water and was vigorously trampling them while chunks of ice clattered round her ankles. A hardy folk the Hunzukuts.

As we came back we found a large group of women and children on the main road, and one of the wee girls had a "doll." This consisted simply of one piece of stick with some rags hung round it and two cross sticks for arms which were jointed on and neatly attached to a piece of string so that they waved about when you pulled. They made it "dance" for us with much amusement and laughter, but we could not detach the doll and its owner from the crowd to get a decent photograph.

Boy: 28.19, 58.15, 62.1, 64.20,23, 66.6, 72.11, 102.11, 104.21, 106.3 etc.
Youth: 210.9.
Bridegroom: 298.12, 302.14, 304.1.

hilɨlʌm soft (of leather, blanket etc.) — *ʌɣʊrmər hilɨlʌm manɨla* my bowels have become soft (after constipation and laxative).

himəɣʌt y help. — *jʌr lukʌn himəɣʌt ʌći* give me a little help. EOL. Ar. Prs.

him'ʌltər -*iŋ* y gateway (of castle, fort). — *guɣstis himʌltərtʌ dukərtsiki.ʌm* I'll hang up your head (for you) on the gateway. 72.5. Cp. 88.7.

himʌn x sg. & pl. A kind of plant that springs up in the fields. It has black seeds which are used for washing clothes.

hʌmmʌt, hɨmʌt y endeavour, magnanimity. — *hʌmmʌt ći* hurry, make an effort, "buck up" (said to coolies etc. to stimulate them at work). Cp. Prov. 18. *jʌr lukʌn hɨmʌt ʌći* give me a little encouragement. Ar. Prs.

hin hmf. cp. *hʌn* x y, *hik* x.

1. Numeral adj. and pron. one (person), a. — *hin ɣərɨb hirʌnɨ bʌtər nikin* entering into the skin of a poor man. 284.21. *hin bʊt maper pfutʌn bai.i* there is a very old Div. 28.7. *hin jʌt gusʌnmo ha* the house of a very old woman. 286.1.

   Distributive: *hin hin ərćʊmɨ* taking (*lit.* making) them one by one. 206.9. V. §§ 201, 203, 207.

   The accompanying noun may, or may not, bear the suffix -*ʌn*. V. § 43.2.

2. Indefinite pron. and adj.: — *hin* may be made definite by a quali-